# BANTU TALES

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DESMOND SMITH

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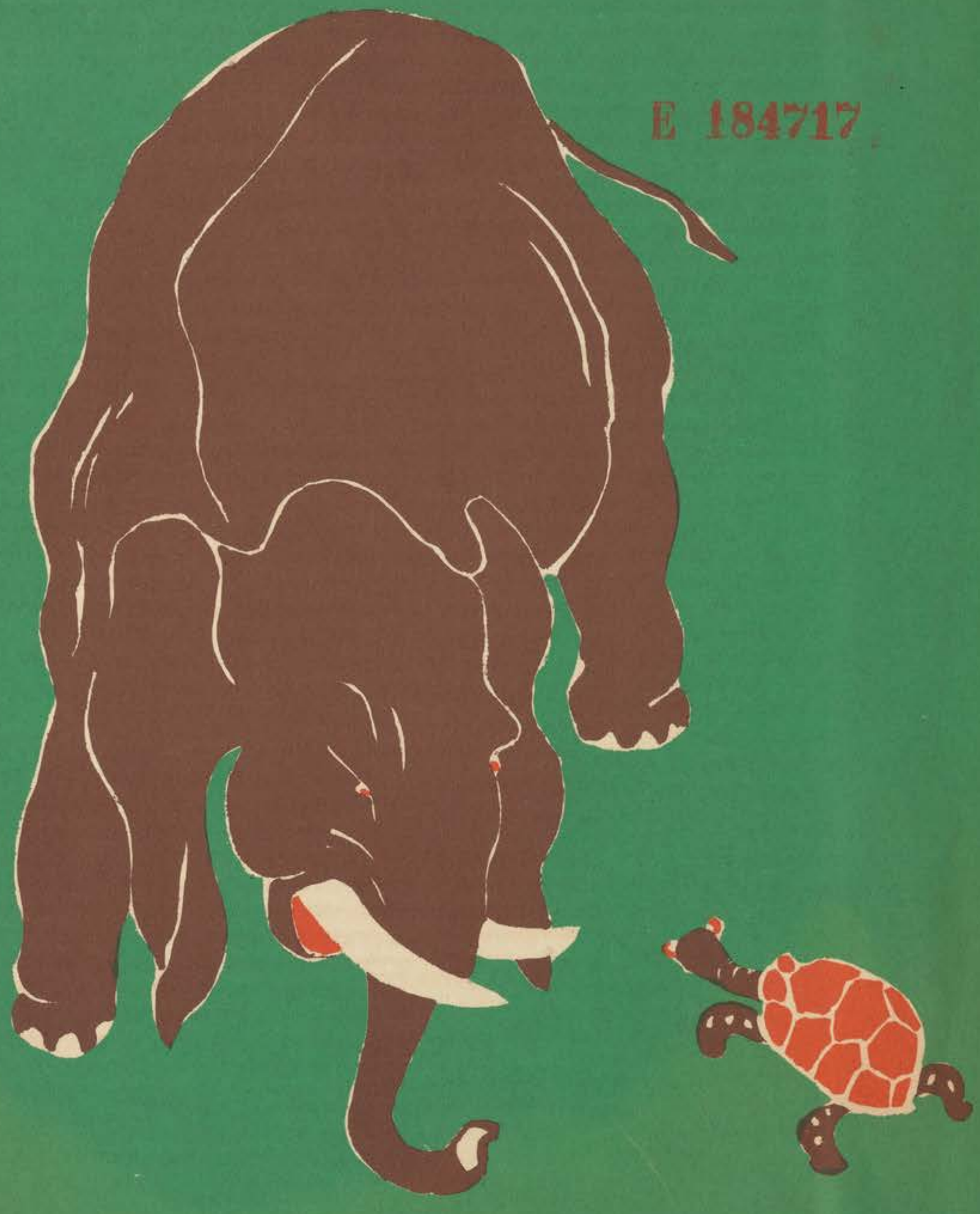

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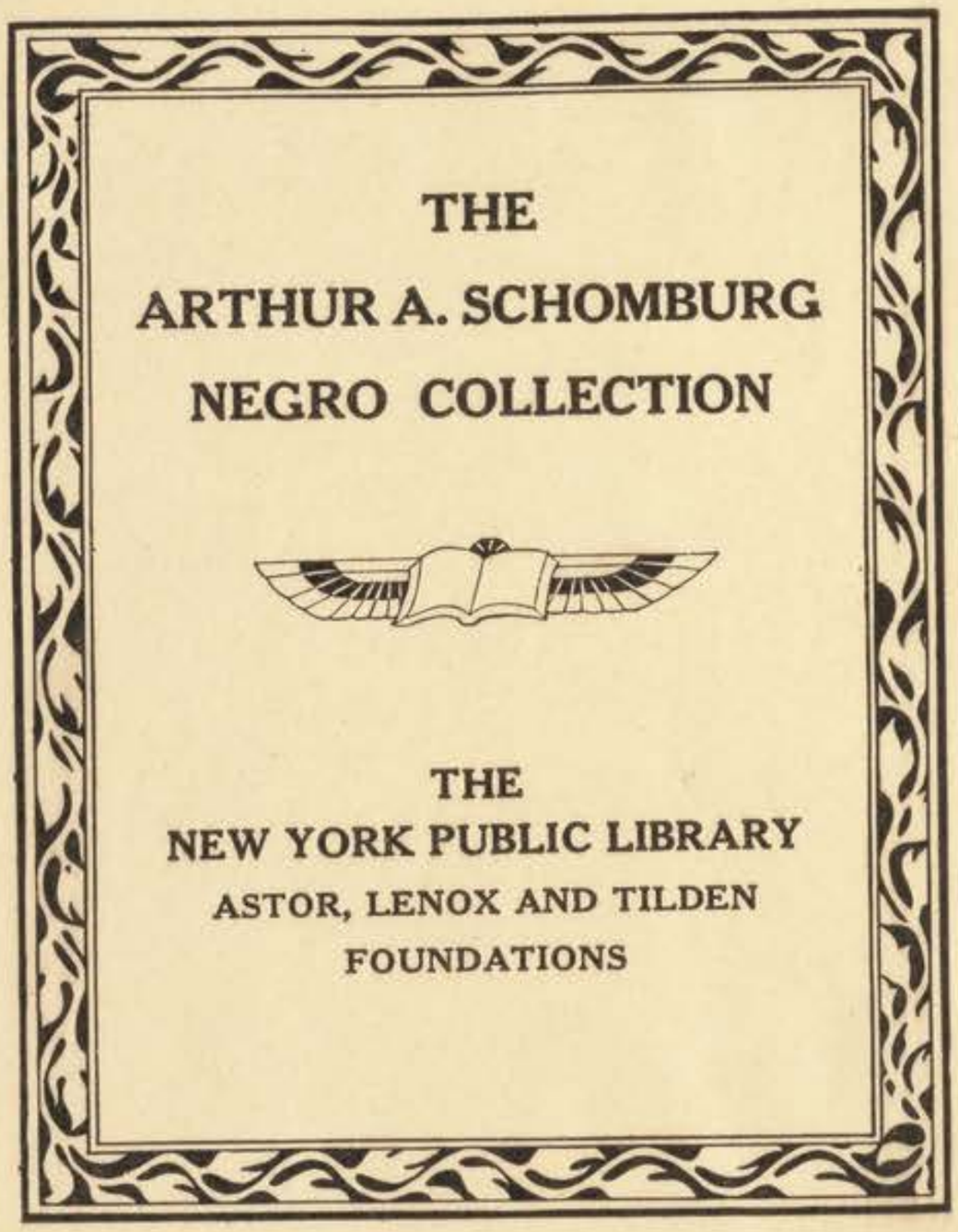

# BANTU TALES

PATTIE PRICE

also author of "The Afrikaner Little Boy" is a British resident of South Africa whose work as an interpreter of children's classics has taken her to many parts of the world, and to every corner of her own country.

DESMOND SMITH

is a young artist born in South Africa who has travelled extensively in the native territories, and has made a special study of native life.

# BANTU TALES

RETOLD BY PATTIE PRICE

WITH EIGHTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS IN THREE COLORS

BY DESMOND SMITH

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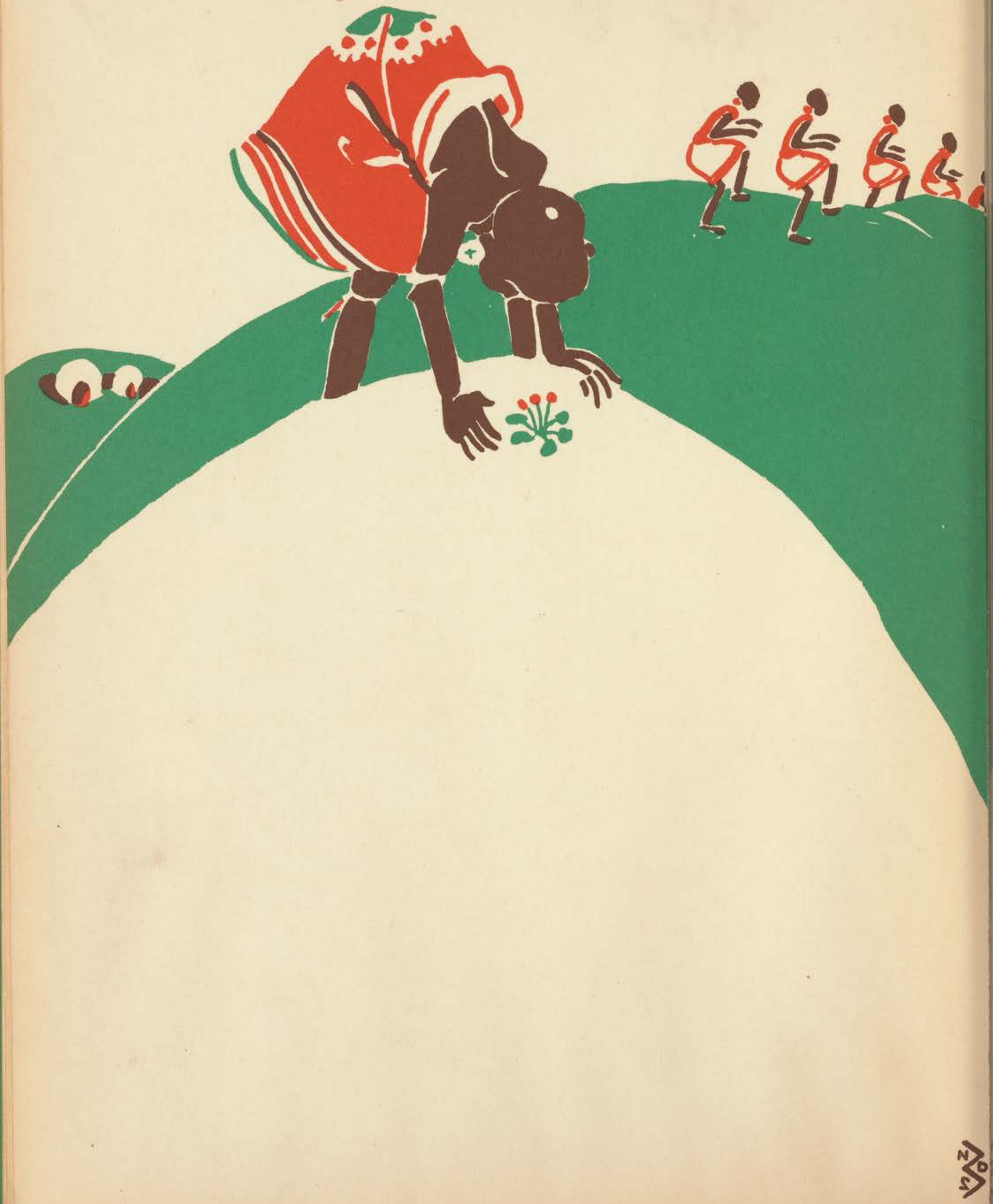
# FOREWORD

In this little book I have collected and retold a few of the Bantu tales that are heard in some form or other all over Africa.

Naturally the versions of the folk tales vary, and as there are so many different forms, I have often used more than one version in telling one story, but for convenience sake I have used only Zulu expressions, as the tales are supposed to be told by an old Zulu.

*The Author*

# BANTU TALES



# The Tale of 'Hla-ka-nya-na

Now, 'mnta-na-mi,
You must know
That cunning little dwarf,
'Hla-ka-nya-na,
Lived with his mother
In a certain village.
One day 'Hla-ka-nya-na
Went to a marriage dance
At a kraal
A long way over the hills.

When he got there
The maidens were dancing.
When they had finished dancing
He set out for home.
He had not gone far
When he came on a bush
Of u-mdi-ya-na.
He stopped.
"Hullo," he said,
"This is surely u-mdi-ya-na,
And good to eat."
So he dug up the roots
And took them home with him.

When he reached his home
He said to his mother,
"Mother, just cook for me
My u-mdi-ya-na
While I go and milk."
His mother took it,
And cooked it over the fire.
When it was finished
She wished to taste if it was done
And she tasted it,
And liked it,
And had just a little more,
And liked that so much
She had just a little more,
And when she had finished tasting
The u-mdi-ya-na was gone!

When 'Hla-ka-nya-na returned
From his milking
He said,
"Mother, where is my u-mdi-ya-na,
My u-mdi-ya-na I found
On a very little hill
When I came from the wedding?"
His mother went to the people
Who make pots.
She bought one,
And gave it to 'Hla-ka-nya-na.
He took it and went on his way.

Next he came on some herd-boys
Tending goats,
And milking into broken milk-pots.
He said,

"Here is my new milk-pot.
Take it, and milk into it.
And when you have done
Give me some of the milk also."
They took the milk-pot
And milked into it,
But it came to pass,
That pot broke,
Yes, indeed!
When the last boy was milking!

'Hla-ka-nya-na cried,
"Give me my milk-pot,
My milk-pot my mother bought me,
My mother having eaten all my
u-mdi-ya-na,
My u-mdi-ya-na I found
On a very little hill
When I came from the wedding."

But it was no use,
The pot would not be whole again.
So they gave him an as-se-gai
And he went on his way.

Soon he fell in with some other boys
Who were eating meat.
But to cut it
They had only the rind
Of sugar-cane.
'Hla-ka-nya-na said,
"Here, take my assegai
And cut the meat.
But mind you give me some also!"

They took his assegai
And cut the meat.
But it came to pass
That assegai broke
When the last boy was cutting!

'Hla-ka-nya-na cried,
"Give me back my assegai,
My assegai the herd-boys gave me,
The herd-boys who broke my milk-pot,
My milk-pot my mother bought me,
My mother having eaten all my
u-mdi-ya-na,
My u-mdi-ya-na I found
On a very little hill
When I came from the wedding."

But it was no use,
The assegai would not be whole again.
So they gave him an axe
And he went on his way.

Soon he came on some old women
Gathering firewood.
"Ho, Mothers," he said,
"With what are you cutting wood?"
They said,
"As for us,
We are not cutting it at all,
Having nothing to cut it with, old
fellow!"
'Hla-ka-nya-na said,
"Here is an axe,
Take it and cut your wood.
But bring it back to me
When you have finished cutting."
They took it
And cut their wood.
But it came to pass
That axe broke.
Yes, indeed!
When the last woman was cutting!

'Hla-ka-nya-na cried,
"Give me back my axe,
My axe the boys gave me,
The boys who broke my assegai,

My assegai the herd-boys gave me,
The herd-boys who broke my milk-pot,
My milk-pot my mother bought me,
My mother having eaten all my
u-mdi-ya-na,
My u-mdi-ya-na I found
On a very little hill
When I came from the wedding."

But it was no use,
That axe would not be whole.
So they gave him a blanket
And he went on his way.

That night he came on two young men
Sleeping under a tree.
"Why, brothers," he said,
"Do you sleep without blankets?"
"We sleep without," replied the boys
"Because we have no blankets."
"Then take mine,"
'Hla-ka-nya-na said,
"And sleep with it.
But bring it to me
In the morning!"
They took it, but it was small,
And they pulled it, all night,
One from the other.
In the morning
That blanket was torn!

'Hla-ka-nya-na said,
"Give me my blanket,
My blanket the women gave me,
The women who broke my axe,
My axe the boys gave me,
The boys who broke my assegai,

My assegai the herd-boys gave me,
The herd-boys who broke my milk-pot,
My milk-pot my mother bought me,
My mother having eaten all my
u-mdi-ya-na,
My u-mdi-ya-na I found
On a very little hill
As I came from the wedding."

But it was no use.
The blanket would not be whole.
So they gave him a shield
And he went on his way.

At last he came on some men
Fighting a leopard.
He said,
"What! Have you no shield?"
They said,
"No, we have no shield,
And the leopard is a fierce one."
He said,
"Then take my shield,
And bring it back to me
When you have finished."
They took it,
And fought and killed the leopard.
But it came to pass
In the fighting the shield was broken!

'Hla-ka-nya-na cried,
'Give me my shield,
My shield the young men gave me,
The young men who tore my blanket,
My blanket the women gave me,
The women who broke my axe,
My axe the boys gave me,

The boys who broke my assegai,
My assegai the herd-boys gave me,
The herd-boys who broke my milk-pot,
My milk-pot my mother bought me,
My mother having eaten all my
u-mdi-ya-na
My u-mdi-ya-na I found
On a very little hill
When I came from the wedding."

But it was no use, the shield remained
broken.
So they gave him a war-assegai,
And what he did with that
Is another story!

## The Tale of Nya-nga-ra the Python

There lived at this time in Africa,
'mnta-na-mi,
A great Chieftain.
This Chieftain was known by all men
Not only for his great strength and size,
But on account also
Of the wisdom and justice of his rule.

He ruled over many people –
Warriors and huntsmen,
Herdsmen,
Young men and girls,
Old women and little children.
He had also many oxen,
Some cows and goats,
Twenty four wives,
Three witch-doctors,
And dozens of little children
Including about fourteen sons –
Fourteen or fifteen or so,
It was not always possible to count them.

Now one day, 'mnta-na-mi,
After the men returned from a hunt,
A great feast was held.
The chief was there,
The warriors were there,
The hunters were there,
The herdsmen were there,
The young men and the girls were there,
And the older women also,
All were there but the little children,
Who, they said,
Were not old enough
To join in a feast.

They were, however,
Allowed to watch the great event,
And hung about very hungry,
Hoping to pick up
Any small scraps they could find,
Or such bones
As might be thrown to the dogs.

The feast lasted all day,
Yes, indeed! all that day,
And most of the night.
But at last the great Chieftain,
And his warriors and huntsmen,
And all the others
(Including the three witch-doctors)
Went to their huts to sleep,
The children having been sent off
LONG ago.

The next day great alarm
Spread through the kraal,
For it was said
That the Chief was ill.
Yes, indeed! Very ill. Ma-ye!

So the first witch-doctor
Was sent for,
And the second witch-doctor
Was sent for,
And the third witch-doctor
Was sent for,
But the Chief grew no better,
On the other hand
He seemed much worse.

So he sent away in anger
His three witch-doctors,
And called in
His chief warriors and huntsmen,
And told them to go
To a cave in the mountainside,
Where they would find his friend
Nya-nga-ra the Python.

He told them to sing
A certain song
To Nya-nga-ra,
And to take also
A large pot of beer
As a gift,
And set this before the cave.
He told them
To be as quick as possible,
For he felt sure
That unless Nya-nga-ra
Came to him very soon,
He would surely die.

When the huntsmen and warriors
Reached the cave
In the mountainside,
They set down the pot of beer
And began to sing:

"Do come out, Nya-nga-ra,
Our Chief would see you, Nya-nga-ra.
Please come out, Nya-nga-ra,
Our Chief is dying, Nya-nga-ra."

From within the cave
The Python heard the song
And began to uncoil.
As he uncoiled one coil
The first man saw him
And overcome with fear
Ran off! Kwou!
While the other men,
Being brave warriors
Went on with the song.
But when the Python

Uncoiled two coils,
The second man saw him
And fled also! Kwou!
But the other men
Being brave warriors
Went on with the song.
When the Python
Uncoiled three coils
The third man fled! Kwou!
And so the fourth man fled,
And the fifth man fled,
And the sixth man fled,
And so it went on, 'mnta-na-mi,
Until there was only one warrior
Left singing.

He went on singing alone
Until Nya-nga-ra had uncoiled
The last of his coils,
And began coming out of the cave,
Towards him.
This was indeed too much
For the last brave warrior.
He also turned and fled!
And in his haste
He knocked over the pot of beer,
Which of course
Made Nya-nga-ra very angry.

Then those brave warriors
Returning in haste to their Chieftain
Told him
That unfortunately
He would have to die,
As Nya-nga-ra
Was too fierce and dangerous a Python,
And moreover,
He had refused to come.

Now then, 'mnta-na-mi,
That Chief grew very angry.
VERY ANGRY. WOU!
He dismissed his warriors
With words of scorn,
And commanded
That all the little children
Of the kraal
Be sent to him.
When they came
He chose some of the strongest
And told them
How badly he wanted
To see Nya-nga-ra.
And he gave them also
A fresh pot of beer
To take to him.

So the children set out,
And ran
All the way to the hillside.
When they reached the cave
They set down the pot of beer
And began to sing:

"Do come out, Nya-nga-ra,
Our Chief would see you, Nya-nga-ra.
Please come out, Nya-nga-ra,
Our Chief is dying, Nya-nga-ra."

From the cave
There came no answer
At first,
For the Python was still very angry,
And would not move.
So the children sang again:

"Do come out, Nya-nga-ra,
Our Chief would see you, Nya-nga-ra.
Please come out, Nya-nga-ra,
Our Chief is dying, Nya-nga-ra."

At this the Python answered
From the cave:

"I cannot hear you, little children,
Climb up closer.
Others have come,
And others have run,
Are you about
To run away also?"

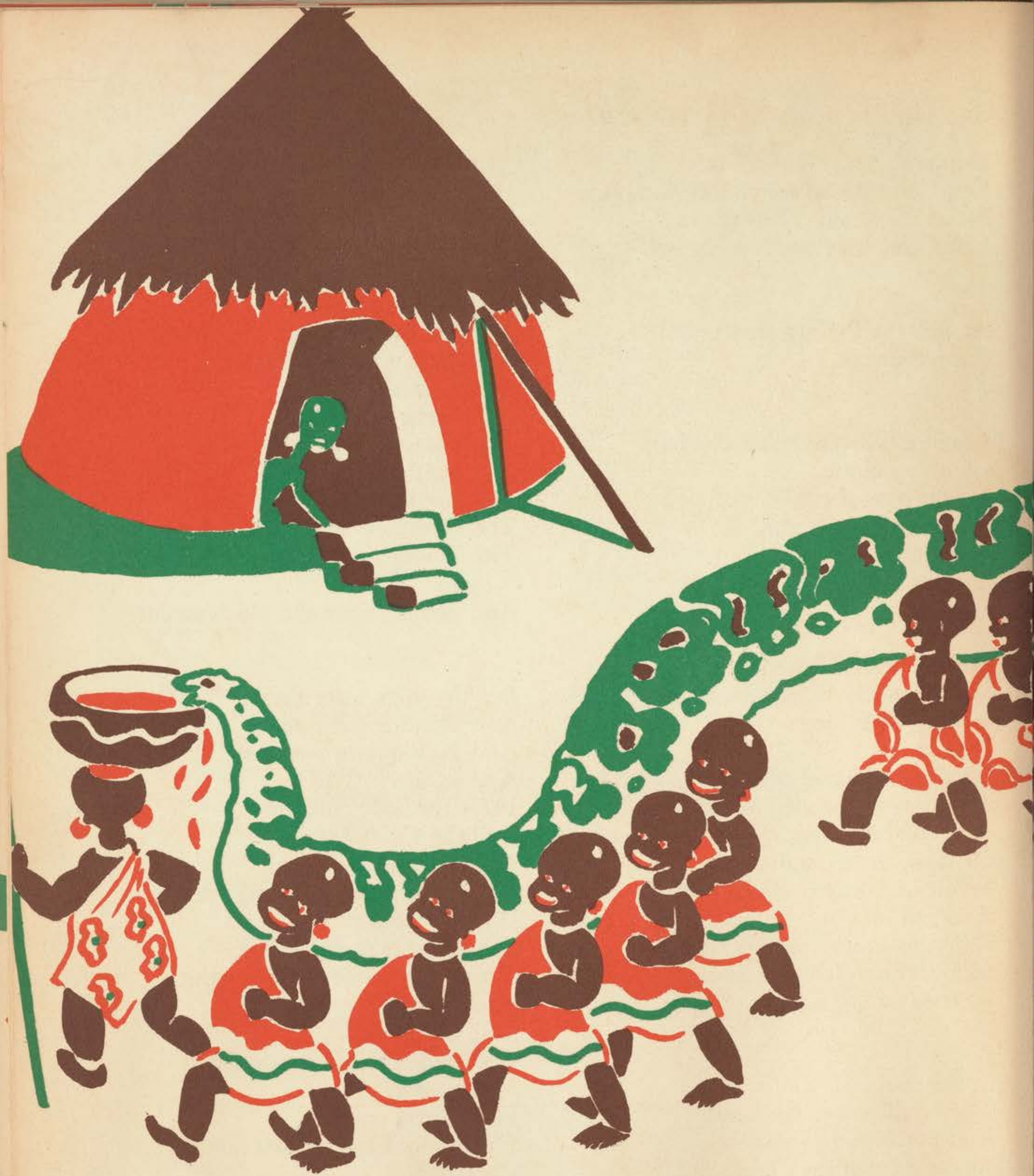
But the little children
Stood bravely before the cave
Singing their song.
And at last
Nya-nga-ra came out
And slowly uncoiled himself
And climbed along the shoulders
Of those little children,
While one picked up the beer
And ran in front,
Carrying the pot on his head
So that the Python could refresh himself
As they jogged along.

In this way
They returned to the kraal,
And put Nya-nga-ra down
At the door of the Chief's hut.
And Nya-nga-ra thanked the children,
Drank the last drop of beer,
And went inside.

After greeting the Chieftain
He sat down
Beside his old friend
And licked him tenderly all over.

At once the Chieftain recovered
And great was the rejoicing
At the kraal.
And in the evening
There was another great feast.
The warriors were NOT there
The hunters were NOT there,
The herdsmen were NOT there,
The young men and girls were NOT there
And neither were the old women!

But the dogs were there,
And the kids were there,
And Nya-nga-ra was there,
And so also
Were the little children.
And the Chief laughed
As they danced around,
And he presented Nya-nga-ra
With two oxen.
Yes, two fat oxen. Kwou.
And to each child he gave corn,
And also a kid,
And a calf.
Yes, to each child he gave these,
And he said,
"These little ones,
They indeed are my best hunters and warriors,
For when others failed me,
THEY would not let me die!"
Ku-nja-lo! It is said.



# The Tale of the Animals at the Well

Now in the land, 'mnta-na-mi,
There was at this time,
A great drought.
For many moons no rain had fallen,
And the earth was hard,
And the rivers dry,
And the animals, great and small,
Were about to die of thirst.

One morning the Lion, I-bu-be-si,
Called to all the animals, saying,
"We will hold an I-nda-ba,
Tomorrow, in the river bed."

The very next morning
All the animals came down
To the river bed.
Yes, all the animals
Except the Hare
(That lazy one) who said,
"*I* do not wish
To wear my nails off
Digging water-holes!"

So they all sat down together
Those animals,
And held an I-nda-ba.
And the Lion asked
If any one of them
Could suggest
A way of getting water.
But no one could.
Then the Lion said
That *he* had an idea.
"What is your idea?"
Cried the other animals,
All of them together.
The Lion said "Let us,
Each of us in turn,
Stamp in the river bed,
And see if that will bring us water."

So the Elephant began,
And stamped and stamped,
But nothing came,
Only a cloud of dust!
Then the Lion said,
"Let the Rhino try."
And the Rhino tried,
And stamped and stamped
And *stamped* his hardest,
But nothing came,
Only a cloud of dust!

Then the Lion said,
"Let the Hippo try."
And the Hippo tried,
And stamped and stamped,
And stamped and *stamped* his hardest,
But still nothing came,
Just clouds and clouds of dust!

Then the Lion said,
"Let the Buffalo try."
And the Buffalo tried,
And the Kudu tried,
And the Zebra tried,

And the Springbok tried,
And all the animals great and small
Tried, each in turn,
But still nothing came,
But clouds and clouds of dust!

Now, 'mnta-na-mi,
When all had given up,
There was only U-fu-du, the Tortoise,
That quiet one
Whom no one had noticed.
But when he went slowly down
To take his turn,
The Lion said,
"What can *you* do
With your tiny feet, U-fu-du,
When I, and all the greater animals
Have failed?"

And the Elephant and the Rhino,
And the Hippo and the Buffalo,
And the Kudu and the Zebra,
And all the other animals,
Great and small,
All began
To laugh and jeer at U-fu-du.

But the little Tortoise paid no heed,
And went quietly on
With his stamping. And Kwou!
Very soon,
The animals saw
A patch of wet sand
Coming in the river bed.

Then the great Rhino
Was filled with jealous anger
That U-fu-du, the slow one, should triumph,
When the greatest ones had failed,
And he caught the Tortoise
By the leg,
And threw him
Across the river bed,
So that he fell against a stone,
And his shell was broken
Into many pieces.

Then when U-fu-du went about
Picking up, with great care,
All the broken pieces of his shell
And sticking them together
With the wax of the wild bees,
That Rhino
Went down to the river bed,
And once again began to stamp.
He stamped and stamped
And stamped and stamped,
And grew angrier and angrier,
And hotter and hotter,
But all that happened
Was that the wet sand
Disappeared!

So the Hippo tried again,
And the Buffalo tried again,
And all the animals tried again,
But still nothing came
Just clouds and clouds of dust!

Then the Lion said,
"Lu-de-de-le U-fu-du lu-li-nge"
(Let the Tortoise come and try)
So the Tortoise,

Sticking carefully on
The last few pieces of his shell,
So that it was whole again
Though full of many joinings,
That Tortoise went down
To the river bed,
And began stamping.
And it was not many moments
Before a great spurt of water
Rushed out
Of the river bed,
And continued running
Until the well was full!

The animals then
All drank of the cool water,
But before they went home
They agreed that the Hare,
U-no-gwa-ja,
Who had not done
His share of the work
Because of laziness,
No, indeed! nor even come to the
I-nda-ba,
That Hare
Should *not* be allowed
To take any of the water.
And the Lion said,
"Knowing the Hare and his ways,
You may be sure
He will try to do so!"

And the Elephant said,
"We must keep a watch at the well,
Each animal having a turn,
The Jackal to be first."

So the animals all went off,
And the Jackal sat down
To wait.

For a long long time, 'mnta-na-mi,
Nothing happened.
But in the evening
The Hare came jumping along
And singing as he went,
"As for me, I need no water,
I eat something sweeter.
As for me, I need no water,
My clay pot is full of sweetness."

He stopped when he saw the Jackal,
And put his pot down
Beside him.
"Hullo!" he said,
"What is this
You are doing here, Jackal?"
The Jackal replied,
"I have been left here
To guard the well.
Since you would not help,
So you may not drink the water!"
"Ho!" said the Hare,
"I don't want your muddy water.
My clay pot is full of something!"
"Something like what?"
The Jackal asked.
"Something sweet,"
The Hare answered.
"Sweet like what?"
The Jackal asked.
"Sweet like honey,"
The Hare replied.

The Jackal then begged for a taste
Of the sweet water,
And the sly old Hare at once gave him
Some of the honey –
But only a little –
To taste.
The Jackal tasted it,
And liked it so much
He asked for more.
"Just a little more," he said,
"For there was so little
It was impossible to taste it!"
The Hare replied,
"I dare not give
Any more of this water."
And the Jackal asked
"Why is it that you dare not,
U-no-gwa-ja?"
"Because of its strength,"
Replied the Hare.
"It knocks people flat
Unless they are tied to something."
"Then bind me first to something,"
Said the Jackal.
So the Hare bound the Jackal
To a tree, 'mnta-na-mi,
Yes, so tightly,
That he could not
Even move!

Then that Hare drank of the water,
And jumped into it,
And swam about
Until it was muddy.
Then he went on his way,
And as he went he sang,
"As for me, I need no water,
I eat something sweeter.
As for me, I need no water,
My clay pot is full of sweetness."

In the morning the Lion,
And all the other animals,
Came down to drink,
And there they found the Jackal,
Near the well,
Bound fast to a tree.
"Why, Jackal," said the Lion,
"What is this you are doing?"
The Jackal explained
That while he was guarding the well
A large number of men came
And stole the water,
Binding him first to a tree.

But the Lion said,
"A-ma-nga! Nonsense!
It must have been the Hare.
This is the Hare's work.
Today I will watch myself."
So the Lion
Took the Jackal's place,
And set himself to guard the well.
But when the Hare
Came jumping along, singing,
"As for me, I need no water,
I eat something sweeter.
As for me I need no water,
My clay pot is full of sweetness."
The Lion was cheated
Even as the Jackal had been.
And when the animals
Came to drink in the morning,
They found I-bu-be-si,
Bound to a tree!

Then the Jackal
(Always an unpleasant creature)
Sneered at the Lion and said,
"Why, I-bu-be-si,
Surely an army of men
Must have been here in the night
To tie *you* up in this way!"
"Who are you to talk?"
Said the Lion,
"This one, yes, even the Hare,
Is so quick,
He would be too much
For any of us!"

Now, 'mnta-na-mi,
While the animals wondered
What could be done,
The quiet old Tortoise, U-fu-du,
Came forward, saying,
"I will guard the well today,
For I can catch that Hare
Who is continually tying people
To trees."
At this all the other animals
Began to laugh and jeer.
"A-ma-nga!" they said, "Rubbish!
If the Hare could cheat the Lion,
O small One,
What could *you* do?"
And they would have
Pushed him back,
But the Lion took his part
And said,
"Let U-fu-du try. Yes.
He brought us the water,
Therefore let him have
His turn."

The Tortoise then went off
And fetched some gum of the gum-tree
And smeared it on his shell.
Yes, smeared it all over
With gum of the gum-tree.
Then
He jumped into the well,
And sat quietly under the water
Waiting.

At sun-down the Hare turned up,
And seeing no one, called out,
"What! Is no one here at all?"
But from the well
Came no answer.
Then the Hare said again,
"What! Is no one on guard?"
And again came no answer.
"Ho!" he said,
"There is no one here."
And setting down his clay pot
He began to sing,
"I, the Hare have cheated them all,
No one guards the water!
I, the Hare, have cheated them all,
Even the Lion fears me!"
Then he jumped into the water.
"Ho!" he cried
As his foot stuck fast,
"I am held by the foot!
Who has caught hold of me?"
And he pulled and pulled,
And he cried out,
"I don't want
Your dirty water!
As for me, I have much sweeter water.
Just let me go
And I will give you some
To taste."

But no one answered
At the well.
And again the Hare cried,
"Who is it holds me?
Let me go,
For I still have
Another foot for kicking!"
And he kicked with his other foot,
But that stuck also!
And he called out,
"Let me go! Just let me go,
And I will let you taste
My water."

But no one answered
At the well.
Then the Hare put down his hands
To free himself,
And they stuck also!
Yes, indeed he was caught.
Caught by U-fu-du the Tortoise.

In the morning all the animals
Came to the well.
When they saw the Hare
Caught fast, they said,
"Ho! Now at last
The Hare has been caught,
Yes, indeed!
The Tortoise has shown the Hare up.
Let us take him
To the I-nda-ba
For judgment!"

So, 'mnta-na-mi,
They pulled the Hare out.
And took him with them,
And set him before the I-nda-ba.
And the Lion said,
"What can you say about this,
U-no-gwa-ja?"
The Hare just said,
"I am the guilty one."
The Lion said,
"Let him be bound!"
But the Hare cried out,
"Yes, bind me!
But don't bind me with rope,
For rope will stretch.
Bind me with green fibre,
For that will not stretch,
And if you leave me
In the sun,
At once I shall die!"

Accordingly they bound him
With green fibre,
And left him there in the sun.
But when the sun came overhead,
The green fibre
Was heard to crack
In the heat.
And the Lion said,
"Let us tie him again,
For he will surely break free!"

The Hare, hearing this,
Cried out,
"Ngi-ye-ke! Let me be!
I am on the point of dying!"
(That sly one.)
The animals, believing him,
Left him again in the sun.
So the Hare lay quite still

For a time,
Until the Lion and all the animals
Were gone.

Then, 'mnta-na-mi,
He suddenly stretched himself,
The fibre cracked and broke,
And, Kwou! he was off
Before the animals
Could see him go.

And the Lion said,
"It is as I said.
That one is too much for any of us!"

## The Tale of the Tortoise and the Monitor Lizard

(U-FU-DU and I-NGA-NZI)

The Tortoise and the Lizard
Lived in that part of the country.
The Tortoise was in the habit
Of looking after his garden
The Lizard was in the habit
Of looking after himself.

One day the Tortoise
Said to his wife,
"We are in need of salt.
Well. Let today's sun set.
The day after
I will go and borrow some
From the Hare."

On the following day, 'mnta-na-mi,
U-fu-du set out.
It took him a whole day
To make the journey,
But when he arrived
He was lucky to find his friend
At home.
"Hullo!" he said,
"I have come a long way,"
And sat down.
"You are welcome,"
Said the Hare,
"But what has brought you
So far?"
"I am without salt,"
Said the Tortoise.
"That," said his friend
"Is a state soon mended.
Take some of mine
And you will no longer
Be without."

The Hare then fetched some salt
And helped the Tortoise
To tie it up
In a piece of good cloth

With grass fibre.
He then made the fibre fast
Round his neck,
And U-fu-du started off
Dragging the salt
Gu-bu-du, gu-bu-du,
Behind him.

When he was nearly home,
The Lizard looked out of his hole,
And seeing the bundle of salt
Bumping along the road,
Caught hold of it.
The Tortoise stopped with a jerk,
Ngu-tu, ngu-tu!
And looked round
To see what had stopped him.
There in the road
He saw his friend the Lizard
Holding on to his salt.
He said,
"Why do you take my salt?
My salt that was given me
By a friend."
"On the other hand,"
Said the Lizard,
"I found it bumping along the road
Therefore the salt is mine."
"Kwou!" said the Tortoise,
"Can you not see
The bundle is tied to me?"
"I see what I see,"
Said the Lizard,
"I see the salt is mine."
"Yu-ba! Go away!"
Said the Tortoise,
And he pulled this way,
And the Lizard pulled that,
Until the Lizard said,
"It is evident
We cannot decide this case
Ourselves. Well.
Let us take it
To the Elders."

So the Tortoise and the Lizard
Set off down the road,
Dragging the salt,
Gu-bu-du, gu-bu-du,
Behind them.
When they came to the I-nda-ba,
They set down the salt
Between them,
And the Elders said,
"We will hear each separately.
What was the I-nga-nzi to say?"

The Lizard began,
And told the Elders
How he had found
The bundle of salt
Bumping along the road
And when
He would have picked it up
The Tortoise stopped him
Saying it was his.

The Elders heard his case
And said,
"What has U-fu-du to say?"
The Tortoise spoke with much heat
And without stopping
Saying,
"I was in need of salt
And set out to borrow some

From the Hare –
And because of my shortness of legs
The Hare helped me
To tie the salt
In a bundle
So that it went bumping along,
Gu-bu-du, gu-bu-du,
Behind me –
Then something seized my salt –
And I turned to see
What had seized my salt –
And there was my friend the I-nga-nzi
Who had seized my salt –
And I said
To my friend the I-nga-nzi
Don't seize my salt –
And the I-nga-nzi said
The salt is mine –
And I said
On the other hand
The salt is mine –
And the I-nga-nzi said
Let us go to the Elders.
Well. That is my case."

The Elders
Talked with each other
For a long time
Then one said,
"Let us cut the bundle of salt
In two.
In this way both the Tortoise
And the I-nga-nzi
Will be satisfied."
The Tortoise felt
That this was not a fair
Decision,
And would have spoken
But the Elders said,
"Ho! The I-nda-ba is over!
Let each gather up
The salt that is his."
And they cut the bag of salt
In the middle, tu!
And, of course, a good deal
Of the salt
Fell on the ground,
As the Elders had intended
It should.

The Tortoise then began
To gather up
His share of the salt.
But it was not easy,
For his fingers were small
For gathering things up,
And he found also
That the Lizard
Whose fingers were long
For gathering things up,
Had already taken the cloth,
And tied up his share
Securely.
While the Elders scraped up
What was left,
And divided it among themselves.

So U-fu-du went home crying
Because his salt was spilt,
And the day had gone
So ill with him.
And he walked slowly along
Dragging
His little bundle of salt,
Gu-bu-du, gu-bu-du,
Behind him.

When he got home
His wife asked him
Why he had returned
With so little salt,
And he told her what had happened.
He said also
That when he had rested
He would go to his friend
For more salt.
He added
That he would like a chance
To get even
With the I-nga-nzi.

So, 'mnta-na-mi,
He rested a day,
And then set out again,
Carrying
Some good stout cloth and fibre
With him.
After journeying a while
He came upon the I-nga-nzi
Sunning himself
Outside his home.
U-fu-du saw
That the Lizard was alone,
And half asleep in the sun.
So he stole up
Very softly
And caught him round
The middle.
The Lizard woke and cried out,
"I am held! Yes, I am held!
Who has caught me
By the middle?"
The Tortoise just held on
And shouted,
"Ho! I have picked up!
Yes, indeed! I have picked up!
Yesterday it was you
Picked up my salt,
And today
I have picked you up.
Good. Let us take the case
To the Elders!"
"Do you insist on this?"
Said the Lizard.
"Yes, I insist,"
Said the Tortoise.

So again they went
To the Elders,
And put their case
Before them.
The Elders talked together,
Then said,
"This is our judgment:
You must do
As you did before.
You cut what you seized
In two."

And the Tortoise cried,
"Ha! That is good!
Yes, that is good judgment.
Let us proceed."
"Do you insist
On halving me?"
Cried the I-nga-nzi.
"Yes, I insist,"
Said the Tortoise.
"Last time it was you
Picked up,
This time I
Have picked up.
Well! Let us finish!"

"He-le-le!" cried the I-nga-nzi,
"Do what you will.
"For I am no longer a person
Under the sun!
It is all over with me,
The I-nga-nzi,
I am dead today
Through picking up."

But the Elders cried,
"Hold!
There is another way.
If the I-nga-nzi died,
He would not be in a position
To give back salt.
On the other hand
If he lived,
He could collect it
And return it to you."
"That," said the Tortoise
"Is something
To think about.
We will send the I-nga-nzi
To see what salt he can get."

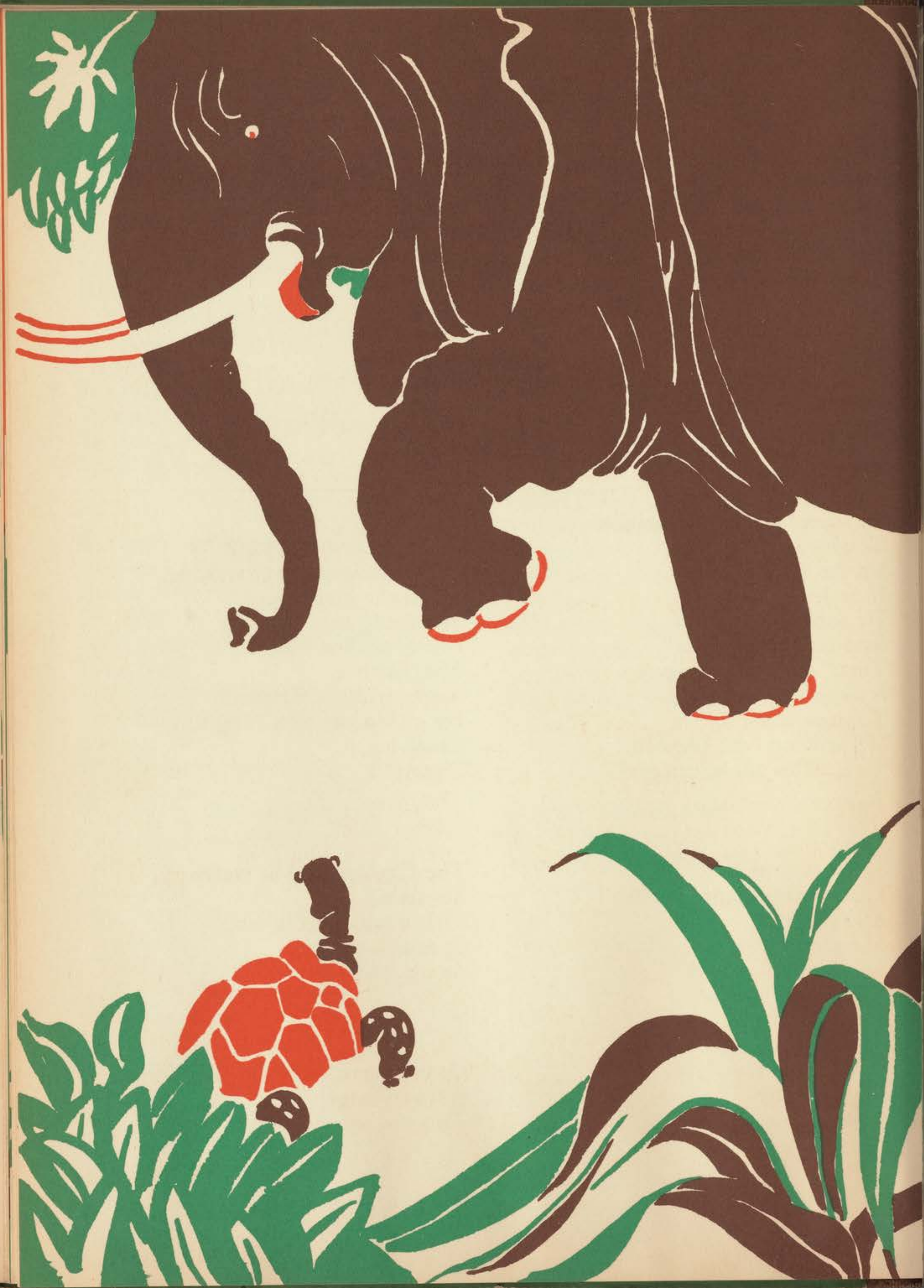
So 'mnta-na-mi,
That I-nga-nzi sent his wife
And children
As fast as they could,
To collect all the salt
They could borrow
From friends.
This he helped the Tortoise
To tie safely round him
With his fibre,
And U-fu-du returned to his home
With the bundle of salt
Bumping along,
Gu-bu-du, gu-bu-du,
Behind him!

## The Tale of the Elephant and the Tortoise

One day, 'mnta-na-mi,
The Tortoise was out walking,
When the Elephant
Not seeing him,
Nearly trod on him.
The Tortoise,
Angry with the Elephant
For giving him such a fright,
Called out,
"Clumsy!"

The Elephant said he was sorry,
But added
That it was hard to see
So small a creature
As the Tortoise.

"Do you think, then," said the Tortoise,
Still very angry,
"That you are the greatest



Of all the animals?"
"Why?" cried the Elephant,
"Are you so small
You cannot see me?"
"As for you," said the Tortoise,
"Your eyes are so small
Have they ever seen your head?"
"Why do you ask?" said the Elephant.
"It is so low,
If I were jumping
I could jump over it."
"What, *you*, U-fu-du," cried the
Elephant.
"Yes, I, I-ndlo-vu," said the Tortoise.
That Elephant laughed
At the Tortoise.
"Why not try it now?"
He said.
"No, not today," said the Tortoise,
"I am tired today
With much walking."

At this the Elephant laughed again,
And told the Tortoise,
That was a good excuse!
"I can see," he said,
"That by tomorrow
You will be too tired
Also."
"On the other hand,"
Said the Tortoise,
"Tomorrow will suit me well."
And agreed to hold a trial
Next day,
At the same place.

The Tortoise then
Went off as quickly as he could,
For he had a long journey
Before him,
And he was not a fast traveller.

Long after sun-down
He came to his home
Where he found his wife
Fast asleep.
Hastily waking her,
He told her to follow him,
And they both started back
Along the track
The Tortoise had come.
On his way
He told his wife
Of his boast to the Elephant,
And the difficulty he was in.
And he told her also
How she could help him.

Just before sunrise
They came to the spot agreed on
For the trial.
And that cunning Tortoise
Hid his little wife
In the bush
On one side of the track,
And waited alone for the Elephant.
Exactly at sunrise
The Elephant arrived,
And found the Tortoise
Already there.

The Tortoise then said,
"If you will stand this way,
In the middle
Of the track,

There will be more room
For jumping."
The Elephant stood
Where he was told,
And the Tortoise took his place
Beside him,
But just opposite the spot
Where he had hidden
His wife.
The Elephant then cried,
"Are you ready, U-fu-du?"
And the Tortoise replied,
"I am ready, I-ndlo-vu."
"Well," said the Elephant,
"Jump away, Tortoise!"
Whereupon the Tortoise cried
"Ho-ho!"
And pretended to get ready
For a high jump,
But instead of jumping
Just crept back
Into the bush.
While his wife,
Who was hiding in the bush
On the other side
Of the Elephant,
Cried, "Ha!"
And came out.

The Elephant, hearing her,
Looked quickly round,
And there was his friend the Tortoise
(It seemed)
On the other side.

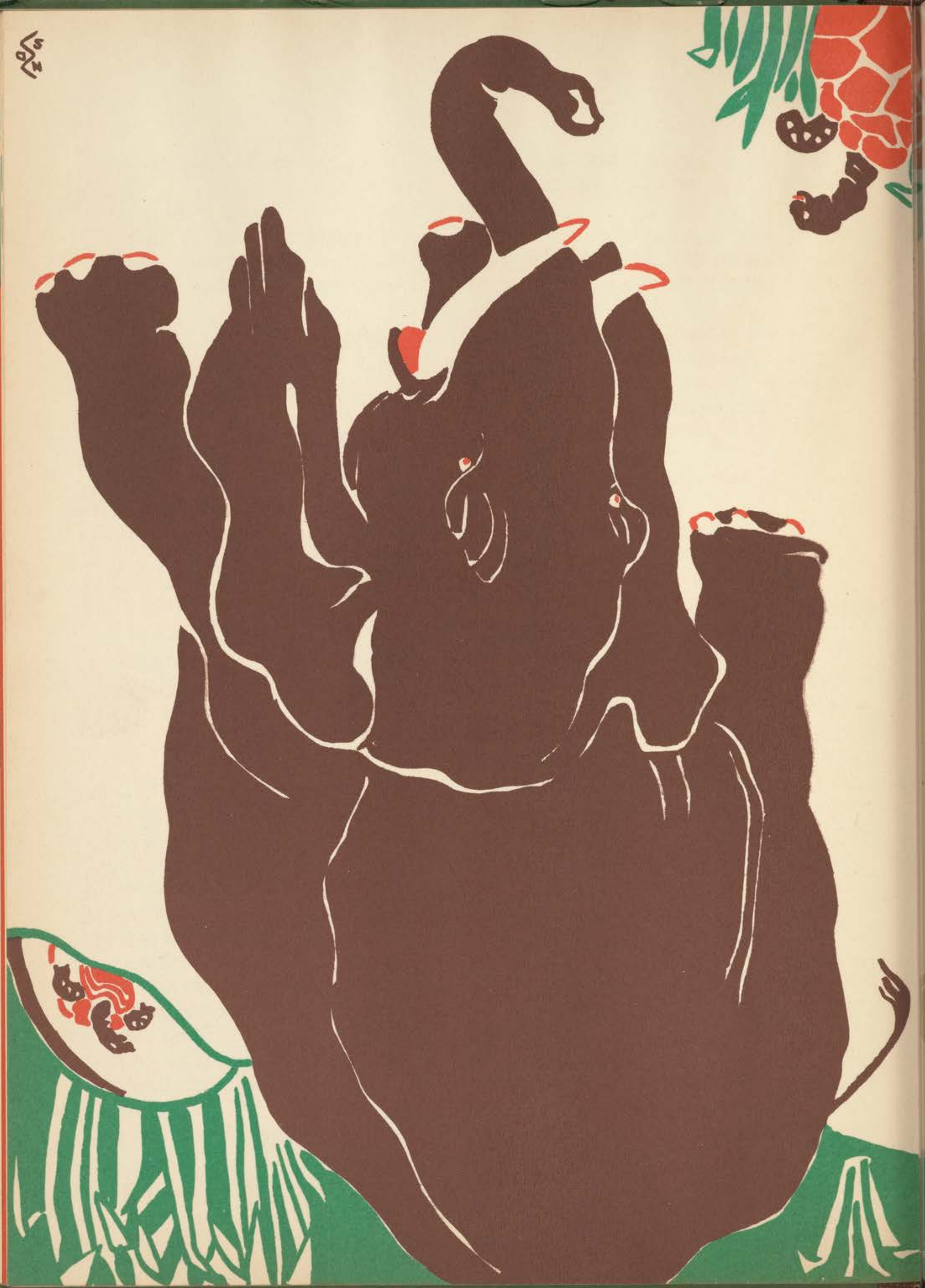
"Kwou!" he said in amazement,
"Try it again,
For the jump was so swift
I couldn't see it!"

At once U-fu-du's wife
Cried out this time,
"Ho-ho!"
And pretended to get ready
For a high jump,
But instead,
Crept back into the bush.
While the Tortoise cried,
"Ha!"
From the other side,
And came out.

The Elephant was astonished.
"Kwou!" he said,
"You were too swift for me.
Yes, I am beaten."
He was sure, however,
That he could beat U-fu-du
In a race.

"Let us try a foot-race instead,"
He said to the Tortoise.
The Tortoise agreed
To hold a trial,
But not at once.
"For my legs are tired today,"
He said,
"With all this jumping."
The Elephant said,
"Very well. Let today's sun set.
When it rises,
We will be again
At the same place."
And bidding the Tortoise good-bye
He went off.

The Tortoise with his wife
Then hastened home,



And collected his children,
Telling them
To hurry after him.
And he spent the rest of the night
Placing them one by one
All along the track
They had agreed on
For the foot-race.
He told them, moreover,
What they should answer
When the Elephant
Called out to them.
He then took himself off,
And sat down to wait,
At the end of the track.

Exactly at sunrise
The Elephant appeared,
And said,
"I see you are ready, U-fu-du!"
"Yes, I am ready, I-ndlo-vu,"
Replied a voice.
So they started off along the track,
Going Ndu-ndu, ndu-ndu,
Like that.
When they had gone
A little way,
The Elephant turned his head
And called out,
"U-fu-du, u-la-pho na?"
(Tortoise, are you there?)
Thinking he must have left him
Far behind.
But that Elephant
Was astonished to hear
The voice of the Tortoise
Still in front of him
Saying,
"I-ndlo-vu! Pho, ngi-la-pha!"
(Elephant, why, I'm here!)
At this the Elephant
Increased his stride,
And went off
Ndu-du, ndu-du,
Ndu-du, ndu-du,
Like that.

After a time,
When he felt quite sure
He had left the Tortoise
Far behind,
The Elephant called out again,
"U-fu-du, u-la-pho na?"
(Tortoise, are you there?)
And a little voice
Right in front of him
Answered,
"I-ndlo-vu! Pho, ngi-la-pha!"
(Elephant, why, I'm here!)

The Elephant
Now increased his stride
To a gallop, going
Ndu-du-du-du,
Ndu-du-du-du,
Like that.
But each time he called out,
"U-fu-du, u-la-pho na?"
(Tortoise, are you there?)
A voice right in front of him
Replied,
"I-ndlo-vu! Pho, ngi-la-pha!"
(Elephant, why, I'm here!)

At last the Elephant,
In great heat,

And without breath,
Arrived at the goal.
And there he saw
That the Tortoise
Had arrived at the goal
First!
"Kwou!" he said, "I am beaten!
That one
Was too fast for me!"

And the Council of Animals agreed
That of all animals
The Tortoise was the greatest,
Yes, even greater than the Elephant,
And the animals that day
Gave the Tortoise
The right to rule over them!

Ku-nja-lo! It is said!

## The Tale of the Helpful Hare

(U-NO-GWA-JA)

A man and his wife once lived
For many years
In happiness together.
The man was a skilled hunter
And they both lived
In plenty
On the game he trapped.

But one day, 'mnta-na-mi,
His wife noticed
That of the game he brought back
Some of the best parts
Were missing.
This happened on the next day
And on the next,
And on the next,
And the woman grew very curious,
And told her husband
She was sure
He was giving the meat,
To some other woman! Ma-ye!

The man said
This was not so,
And told his wife
How one day
When he was about to take
Some game from his traps,
A Lion sprang out of the bush,
And said
That unless the man
Gave that Lion
The best parts of the game,
Every time he caught something,
He would certainly
Kill him!

The wife, however,
Did not believe his story,
And wanted to see
For herself.
So she made up her mind
To go out

Before sunrise one morning
In order that
She could hide in the bush
And watch what went on.
Accordingly she set forth,
But she had not gone far,
When she came suddenly
On a leopard,
And in her fright she fell
Into the first trap,
And there she had to stay!

At sunrise,
As the man arrived at his trap,
The Lion sprang
Out of the bush,
And when he saw something
In the trap,
He cried,
"Here is good game.
Give me my share!"

The man cried out
That the unfortunate woman
Was his wife
And begged the Lion,
Not to insist
On his killing her.
But the Lion only said,
"Unless you do,
I will finish you both!" Kwou!

It was just at this time
That the Hare,
U-no-gwa-ja,
Was passing that way,
And the husband cried to him
To be a friend
And help them to decide
The case.
The Hare said
That he did not wish
To interfere
Between a man and his wife,
And was about to go
On his way.
But the woman begged him
To stop.

The Hare,
Yielding to her cries,
Said he would stop,
But only to hear
What they had to say.
Accordingly he came up to them,
And the man and the woman
And the Lion,
All began talking at once.

"Thu-la! Thu-la!
Stop!" said the Hare,
"How can I hear what you say?
Let us all go
Into this cave
Where there is no wind,
And I can hear better."
And he suggested
That they should first
Let the woman out of the trap,
So that she could go
With them
Into the cave,
In order that he should hear
Her side of the story.

Before sunrise one morning
In order that
She could hide in the bush
And watch what went on.
Accordingly she set forth,
But she had not gone far,
When she came suddenly
On a leopard,
And in her fright she fell
Into the first trap,
And there she had to stay!

At sunrise,
As the man arrived at his trap,
The Lion sprang
Out of the bush,
And when he saw something
In the trap,
He cried,
"Here is good game.
Give me my share!"

The man cried out
That the unfortunate woman
Was his wife
And begged the Lion,
Not to insist
On his killing her.
But the Lion only said,
"Unless you do,
I will finish you both!" Kwou!

It was just at this time
That the Hare,
U-no-gwa-ja,
Was passing that way,
And the husband cried to him
To be a friend
And help them to decide
The case.
The Hare said
That he did not wish
To interfere
Between a man and his wife,
And was about to go
On his way.
But the woman begged him
To stop.

The Hare,
Yielding to her cries,
Said he would stop,
But only to hear
What they had to say.
Accordingly he came up to them,
And the man and the woman
And the Lion,
All began talking at once.

"Thu-la! Thu-la!
Stop!" said the Hare,
"How can I hear what you say?
Let us all go
Into this cave
Where there is no wind,
And I can hear better."
And he suggested
That they should first
Let the woman out of the trap,
So that she could go
With them
Into the cave,
In order that he should hear
Her side of the story.

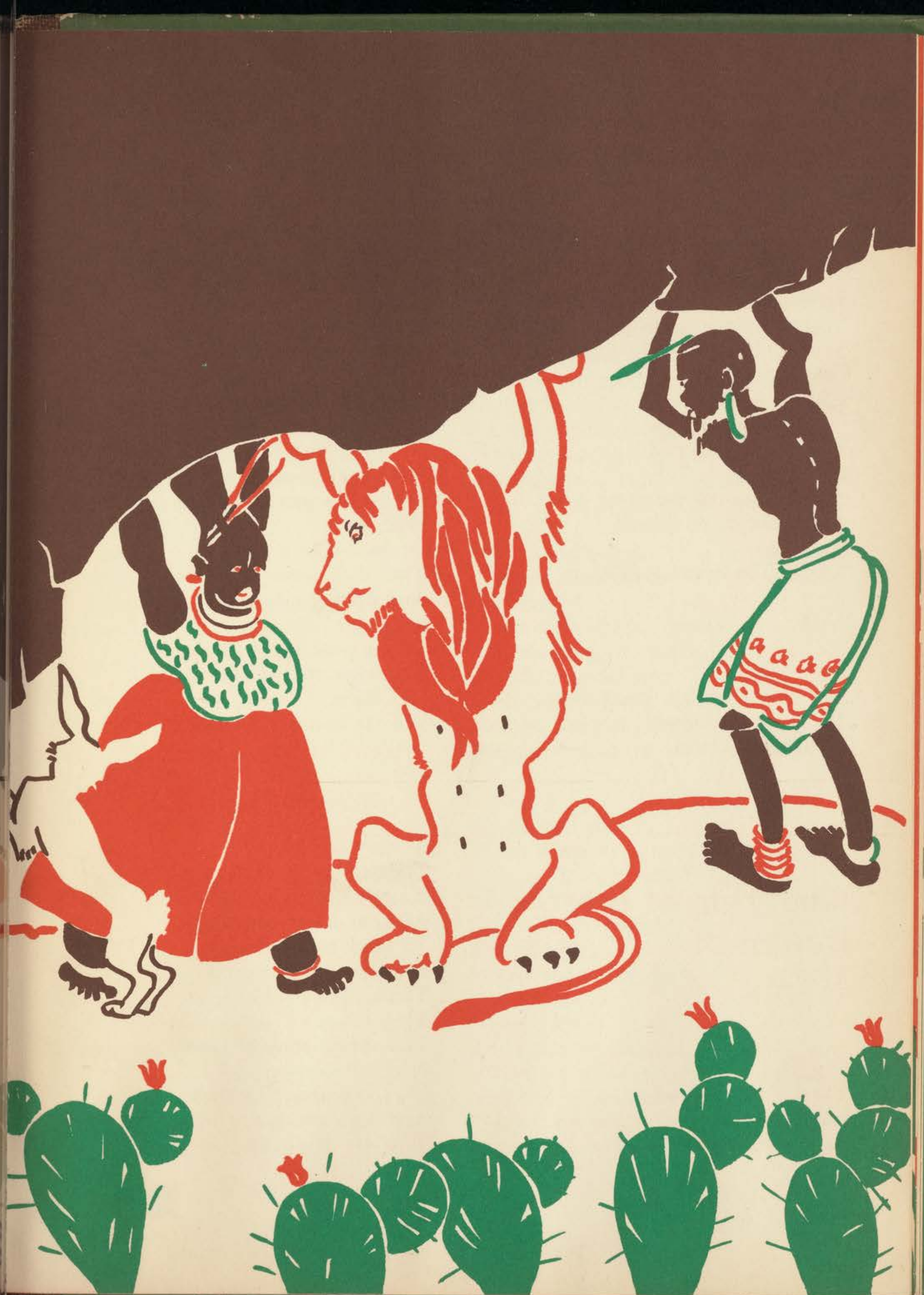
So they released the woman,
And took her with them
Into the cave.
But when
They were all inside,
Including the Lion
Who went in first,
The Hare shouted suddenly,
"Look out! The cave
Is about to fall in!
We must hold it up
Or we will, all of us,
Be killed!"
And he lifted up both his hands
To the roof,
To hold it.
The man and the woman
At once did the same,
And the Lion also,
And they all stood in this way
Holding up
The roof of the cave.

Then the Hare said,
"What can we do?
We must think of some means
Of keeping up the roof,
For we cannot stand like this
Forever.
Let us send the woman
To get some logs
To prop it up,
While the three of us
Hold the roof
Until she returns."
The Lion thought
That this was a good idea,
And the woman,
Being no fool,
Made her escape! Kwou!

When she did not return
The Hare said,
"Perhaps the logs were too heavy,
Let us send the man
To help her.
While you and I, I-bu-be-si,
Hold the roof,
Until they return."

The Lion agreed,
And the man,
Being no fool also,
Made off in haste! Kwou!

When the man also
Did not return
The Hare said,
"I will just go out
To see
What is delaying them.
Would you, I-bu-be-si,
Be strong enough
To hold the roof
Until I return?"
The Lion,
Angry that his great strength
Should be doubted,
Growled
That of course he would,
And with a bound,
The Hare made off also! Kwou!



So the Lion, all alone,
Went on holding up
The roof of the cave
Until sun-down.
Then, 'mnta-na-mi,
Feeling he was too tired
To last much longer,
Tried to leap suddenly
Out of the cave.
But in his fear
His leap was so great
That he struck a rock
In the roof
At the mouth of the cave,
And rolled down the hill
Shouting,
"Kwou! The cave has fallen in!"

And from that day, 'mnta-na-mi,
The Lion has hunted
For his own game.

## The Tale of the Return of Ma-we

There was, 'mnta-na-mi,
In that village,
A young girl called Ma-we.

Now one day
Her father told her
To go with her brother
To the corn-field
All the morning,
And keep off the monkeys
Who were in the habit
Of stealing corn.

Ma-we watched with her brother,
Pelting the monkeys
With stones,
Or dried cobs of the corn,
Until the morning grew hot
And she grew thirsty.
"Let us go," she said,
"To the pool in the valley,
And when we have quenched
Our thirst,
We can return in no time."

So they scattered
The band of monkeys
Nearest the corn-field,
And ran down to the pool
To drink the water.
But when they returned
To the corn-field,
They found
That many bands of monkeys,
And baboons,
Had come down from the hills,
And not a piece of corn
Was left! He-le-le!

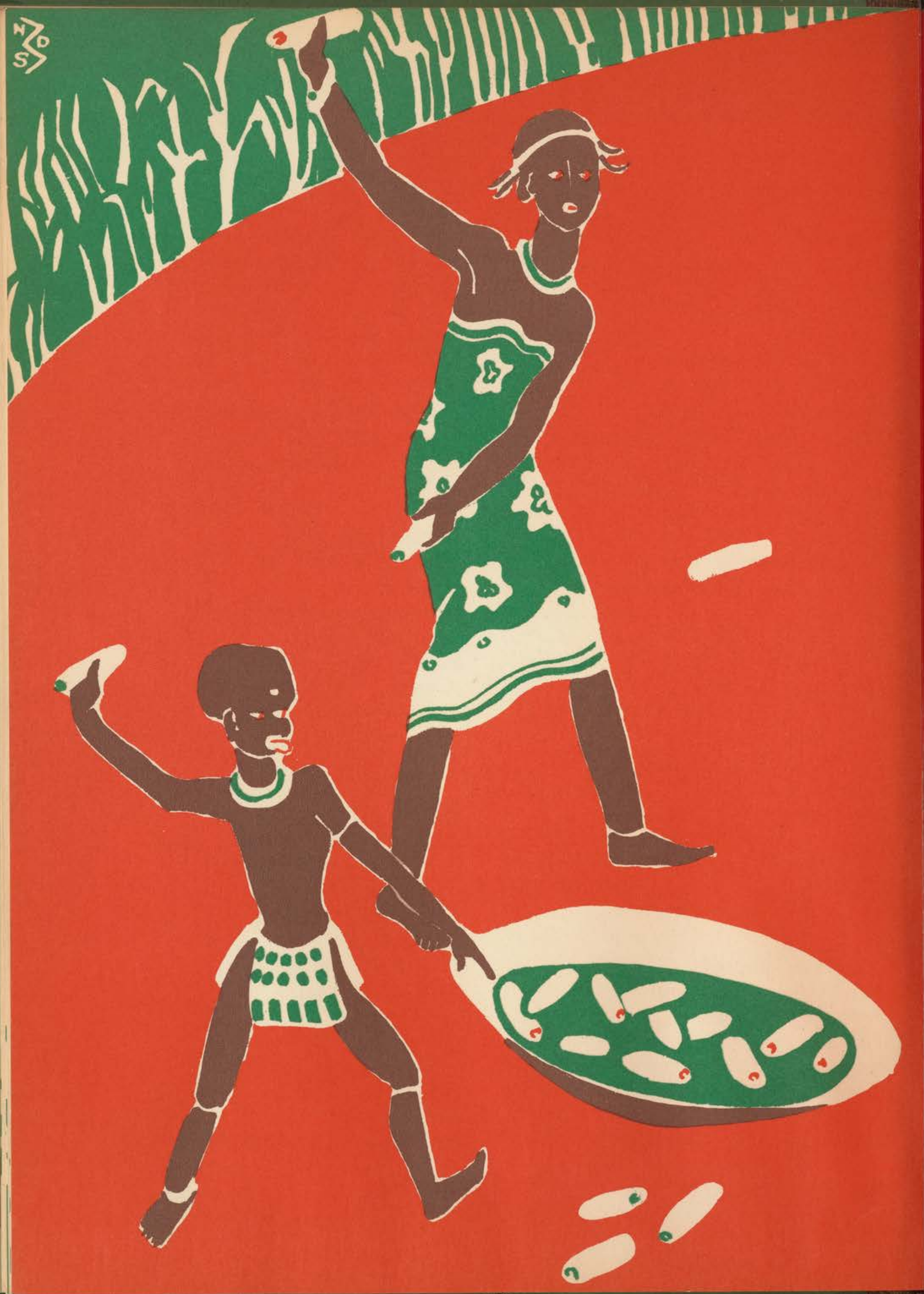
At this,
Ma-we and her brother
Were filled with fear,
And Ma-we said,
"Let us throw ourselves
Into the pool."
But her brother said,
"Let us hide
Until our parents come,
And hear what they say."
So they hid in the bushes,
And when their father and mother
Came to the corn-field
And saw what had happened,
They were indeed angry
And said,
"What shall we do
With such good-for-nothing
Children?"

Ma-we and her brother
Did not wait to hear
What they would do,
But ran down to the pool.
And Ma-we said,
"Let us jump into the pool,
And then we can enter
The Spirit-Country
Together."

But as she jumped
Her brother was afraid,
And when he saw
That she was gone,
He was too afraid to enter
The country of the spirits
Alone.
So he returned to his parents
And told them
Of what had happened
To his sister.
His parents then
At once forgot their anger,
And ran down to the pool.
And his father cried,
"Ma-we, Ma-we, come back
And we will not be angry!
Do not be afraid
Because the monkeys took the corn.
We can plant again
And there will soon be more corn!"

But from the pool
Came no answer.
For Ma-we,
When she had flung herself
Into the pool,
Found at the bottom
A hole.
And she went through it
Into a new country.

She had not gone far
When she came on an old woman
Living alone with children.
The old woman
Called to her by name,
And asked her
Where she was going.
And Ma-we said,
"I do not know."
And again she asked her
Where she was sleeping,
And Ma-we said,
"I do not know."
And the woman said she was old,



And had many children
To care for,
But she told Ma-we
She could come and live with them
Since she had nowhere
To go.
And when the old woman
Sent the children for firewood,
Ma-we went also
And helped them to collect.
And when the old woman
Sent the children for water,
Ma-we went also
And helped them to carry water.
Or if they went to hoe
Or gather corn,
Ma-we went also
And helped them.

And the old woman noticed this,
And would have given her
The best parts of the food,
To eat.
But Ma-we always refused them
For, 'mnta-na-mi,
It was known by her
That if one ate, yes,
Even a grain of corn,
In the land of the spirits,
It was not possible for him
To return
To his own country.

One day
The old woman said,
"You do not eat,
And you are sad,
What is it that you wish?"
And Ma-we answered
That she had a great wish
To see her own country again
And to go back
To her people.
And the old woman sighed
And said,
"I cannot keep you
If you are longing for your mother."
She then told Ma-we
To dip her arm
In a pot of a-ma-zi
That lay near her.
And Ma-we did so,
And when she drew it out
She found
It was covered with bangles!
Then the old woman told Ma-we
To close her eyes,
And when she opened them
She was covered with beads
And rich cloth!
And the old woman said,
"Your husband will be called
Sa-wo-ye.
Remember the name
And you will be happy."

Then the old woman
Went with Ma-we
To the hole
In the bottom of the pool,
And taking her through it,
Rose with her
To the surface.
And Ma-we stepped out onto the bank,
But when she looked back
The old woman was gone.

Now it happened
That one of the men from the village
Was passing near the pool,
And he saw Ma-we
Sitting on the bank.
And he was overcome with amazement,
And ran back to the village
And told all the people
Of the beautiful girl
He had seen,
Dressed in rich cloth and beads
And many bangles.

And all those people
Came down to the pool.
And the Chief came also
And when he saw Ma-we
He was struck with wonder
At her beauty,
And wished to have her
For his wife.
Then Ma-we asked the Chief
His name,
And when he told her
She refused to go with him,
For it was not the name
The old woman
Had told her.
And she asked
If there was not one
Of the name of 'Sa-wo-ye'
Among them,
But there was not.

Until, 'mnta-na-mi,
One of them remembered
A youth of that name
Who had not come
With them.
For he suffered
From a strange illness,
Which made him so ugly
To look on,
That he did not wish
To be seen.

But Ma-we told them
To bring him.
So one went back to the village,
And returned with 'Sa-wo-ye'.
And when Ma-we saw him
She said,
"What is your name?"
And the youth said,
"Sa-wo-ye."
And Ma-we said,
"This is my husband."

At this
Sa-wo-ye recovered
From his strange illness,
And it was seen
That of all men
He was the strongest
And the most handsome.
And Ma-we sold
Some of her bangles
And they bought
A fine herd of cattle.
And Sa-wo-ye
Built the largest hut
In the village,
And lived with Ma-we in happiness
For many years.

Yes, 'mnta-na-mi, I have said so.

# The Tale of the Name of the Tree

There was at this time, 'mnta-na-mi,
A great famine in the land.
Now in the land
There grew a great tree
With fine fruit,
But it was known
That this fruit would only drop
When some one spoke
The name of the tree.

So as the famine
Grew worse and worse,
The people all came
And lived near the tree,
Waiting for the fruit
To ripen.
When the fruit
Was almost ripe,
It was found with dismay
That no one knew
The name of the tree!

So they said,
"Let us send the Hare
To the Chief over the Mountains,
In order that
He might tell us the name."
The Hare accordingly
Set forth,
And soon reached the kraal
Of the Chief over the Mountains.
When he asked the Chief
For the name of the tree,
The Chief replied,
"That tree is called
'U-wu-nge-lé-ma'
When you get back
Stand beneath it and say
'U-wu-nge-lé-ma'
And the fruit will fall."

So the Hare hurried on his way
Back to his people.
But he had not gone far
On the path
When he tripped over a root
And rolled down the hill.
And before he reached the bottom
The name of the tree
Had gone out of his head !

He tried
All the names he knew,
And many others,
As he went along.
He said,
"Is it 'U-wu-ntu-le-gé-le'
Or 'U-we-nge-le-tu la'
Or what?"
All the way
He tried to remember
But when he arrived
At the tree,
Although he tried many words
Not a piece of the fruit fell !

Now the people said
They would send the Springbok,
For he was so swift

He would return
Before he had forgotten
The word.
So the Springbok set out,
And arrived there in no time.
Then the Chief told him,
"That tree is called
'U-wu-nge-lé-ma.' "
And he started back
As fast as he could
To return to his people.
But in his haste
He tripped over an ant-hill
And before
He could pick himself up
The name was gone!

He tried all the names he knew,
On the way,
But in vain.
When he got back
All he could say was,
"U-wu-nge-le-tu-mba"
And *that* was no use!

So the people said
They would send the Kudu,
For he was stronger
And would not fall on the way.
So the Kudu set out,
And soon arrived
At the Chief's kraal.
The Chief over the Mountains
Told him,
"The name of the tree is
'U-wu-nge-lé-ma,'
And the Kudu thanked him
And started back.

But on his way
He passed under a tree,
And caught his horns
In the branches.
And while he was freeing himself
He forgot to say the word,
And it went out of his head.
Yes, indeed!
When he had freed himself
It was gone. Ma-ye!
And when he returned
To his people
He had to admit
That he had forgotten it.

The people now said
That they would send the Lion,
For he was both swift
And strong,
Neither had he horns
That might get caught
In trees.

So the Lion set out
And soon reached
The Chief's kraal.
The Chief told him,
"The name of the tree is
'U-wu-nge-lé-ma,'
And the Lion went off
Repeating the word to himself.
On the way home
The sun was hot,
And he was very tired.
"I will rest just a little,"
He said,
And slept
In the shade of a bush.

But when he woke,
The name was gone out of his head!

Now the Lion
Was too proud to say
He had forgotten the word,
So when he arrived
He just went to the tree
And said,
"U-wu-ntu-ma-gé-le,
That is the word,
U-wu-ntu-ma-gé-le."
But although
He repeated it many times,
No fruit fell.
Then the people said,
"A-ma-nga! Nonsense!
It is no such word!
As for you,
You are no better than the others,
For you have forgotten also."
And they were very sad,
For their hunger grew,
And the fruit was ripening.

At last the Elephant said,
"Let us send U-fu-du,
The Tortoise."
And the animals laughed
And said,
"How could any one so slow
Remember?"
But the Lion said,
"Let him go,
Since we all have failed
It is best
That he should fail also."

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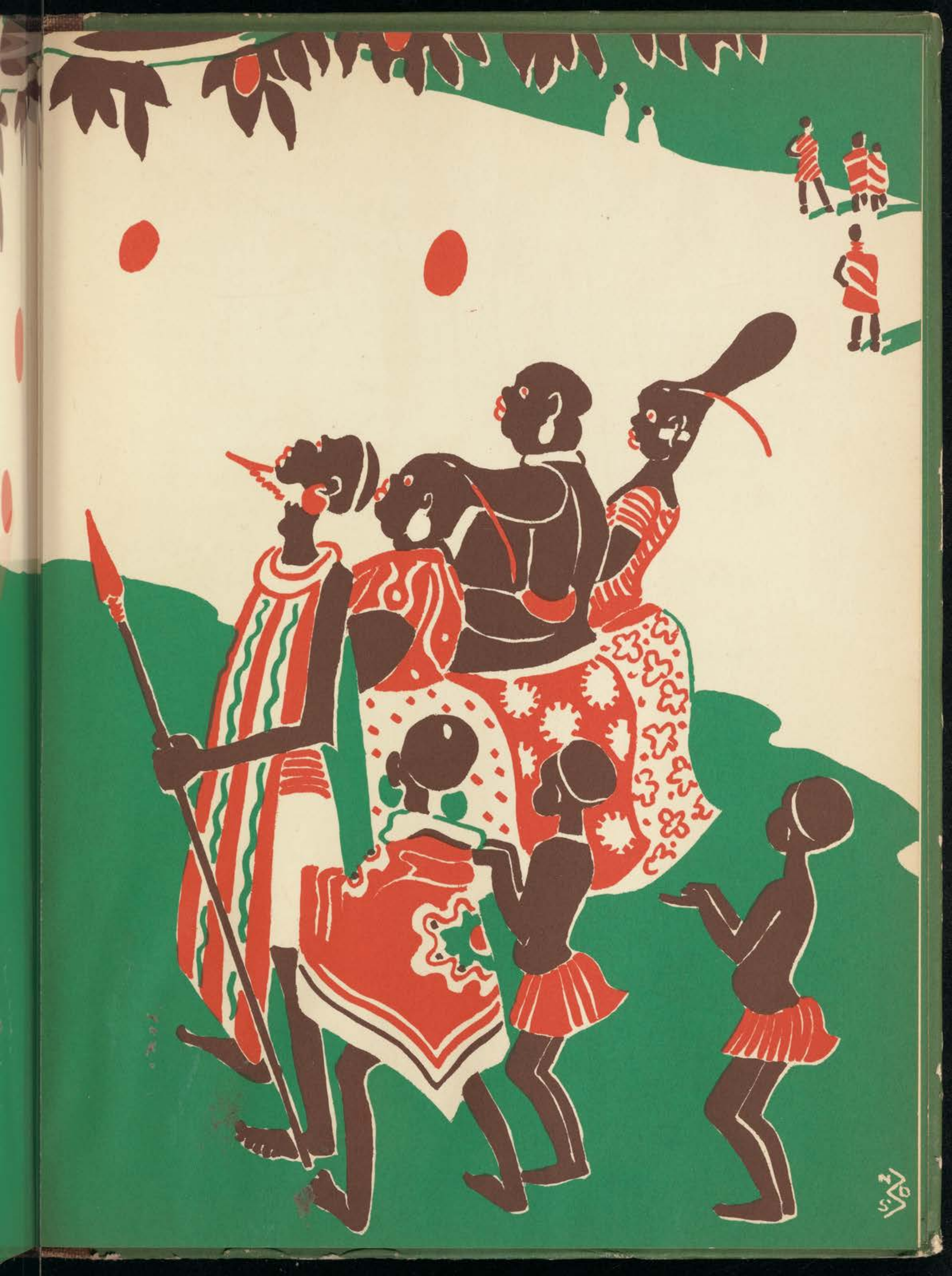
So the Tortoise was sent
For the name of the tree.
But before he left
U-fu-du went to his mother
And asked her,
"How does one remember
Such and such a thing?"
His mother said,
"If you wish to remember
Such and such a thing,
Do not stop saying it
For any reason."

After a long time,
The Tortoise reached the kraal
Of the Chief over the Mountains,
And the Chief told him,
"That tree is called
'U-wu-nge-lé-ma.'"
The Tortoise asked the Chief
If he would say it again,
And the Chief told him,
"U-wu-nge-lé-ma,"
And he asked him again,
And the Chief told him yet again
"U-wu-nge-lé-ma."
So then he set out
Saying the name to himself.
When he came to the ant-hill
He said "U-wu-nge-lé-ma"
As he went round it.
When he came to the tree,
He just went on saying it.
And again when he came to the bush,
Although he was tired,
And it was very hot,
He only said
"U-wu-nge-lé-ma"
And kept on.

At last he reached his home
And his wife said,
"You are very tired,
Will you not rest?"
But the Tortoise said,
"U-wu-nge-lé-ma"
And went on.

When he reached his friends
Underneath the tree,
They all said,
"What is the name, U-fu-du?
Tell us the name of the tree!"
And he said,
"U-wu-nge-lé-ma,"
And the fruit immediately
Began to fall.
And the people ate
And were hungry no longer,
And they said,
"We will make the Tortoise
Chief over all the people,
For he has brought us
The name of the tree!"

And now, 'mnta-na-mi,
Can *you* remember
What was the name
Of that tree?



# GLOSSARY

All words have the accent on the last but one syllable.

Each syllable ends with a vowel (i-nga-nzi, not in-gan-zi etc.)

The vowel sounds are pure as in Italian, A is ah, E is eh, I is ee, O is oh (rather more like the Italian, between oh and aw.) and U is oo.

The consonants sound as in English with a few exceptions, (H never combines with P as in 'phone,' nor with T as in 'there,' but has only the aspirate sound even after a consonant. When combined with L (Hl) it sounds something like the Welsh LI. G is always hard as in 'garden.')

Although there are several 'clicks' in the Zulu language, the words used in this book do not happen to contain them. Nor is it necessary to go into the question of explosive and implosive consonants, or other details of pronunciation.

Amanga! (ah-máh-nga!) Nonsense!

assegai (as-see-gye) native spear used in hunting.

gu-bu-du, gu-bu-du, (góo-boo-doo,) Nonsense word, (bumpity, bumpity)

helele! (heh-léh-leh) Good gracious! Heavens!

'Hlakanyana (hlah-kah-nyáh-nah) a cunning little creature that appears in many Zulu stories.

Ibubesi (ee-boo-béh-see) Lion.

Indaba (i-ndá-ba) a meeting to discuss affairs.

Indlovu (ee-ndló-voo) Elephant.

inganzi (ee-ngáh-nzee) Monitor lizard.

Kudu (kóo-doo) large buck with fine horns.

Kunjalo (koo-njáh-lo) It is said.

Kwou! or Wou! (Kwow) What! Good gracious!

ludedele Ufudu lulinge (loo-deh-déh-leh oo-fóo-doo loo-lée-ngeh) "let the Tortoise come and try."

Ma-we. (máh-weh) name of a girl.

Maye (máh-yeh) How sad!

'mnta-na-mi (pronounced mtah-náh-mee) my child.

# GLOSSARY

Ndu-ndu! (ndóo-ndoo) nonsense word to suggest sound.

ngiyeke (ngee-yéh-keh) let me alone!

ngu-tu! (ngóo-too) nonsense word, suggesting jerk.

Nya-nga-ra, python

pho, ngilapha (pho, ngee-láh-pah) Why, I'm here!

Sawoye (Sah-wó-yeh) name of a man.

Springbok, smaller buck, a great jumper.

Thula (tóo-lah) be quiet.

Ufudu (oo-fóo-doo) Tortoise. A great favourite in the tales of Bantu people.

ulapho na, (oo-láh-pho nah?) Are you there?

ümdiyana. (oo-mdee-yá-na) a plant.

Unogwaja (oo-no-gwá-ja) the Hare.

uwungelema (oo-woo-ngeh-léh-mah) Nonsense word, used for name of the tree.

Various versions of these stories may be found (some in direct translation from the Bantu) in old collections such as Bishop Callaway's 'Nursery Tales of the Zulu' (now out of print), and also in the more modern collections of C. M. Doke (Lamba Folk-Lore), Alice Werner (Myths and Legends of the Bantu) and Hugh Tracy (Songs of the Kraals).

# BANTU TALES

*By*

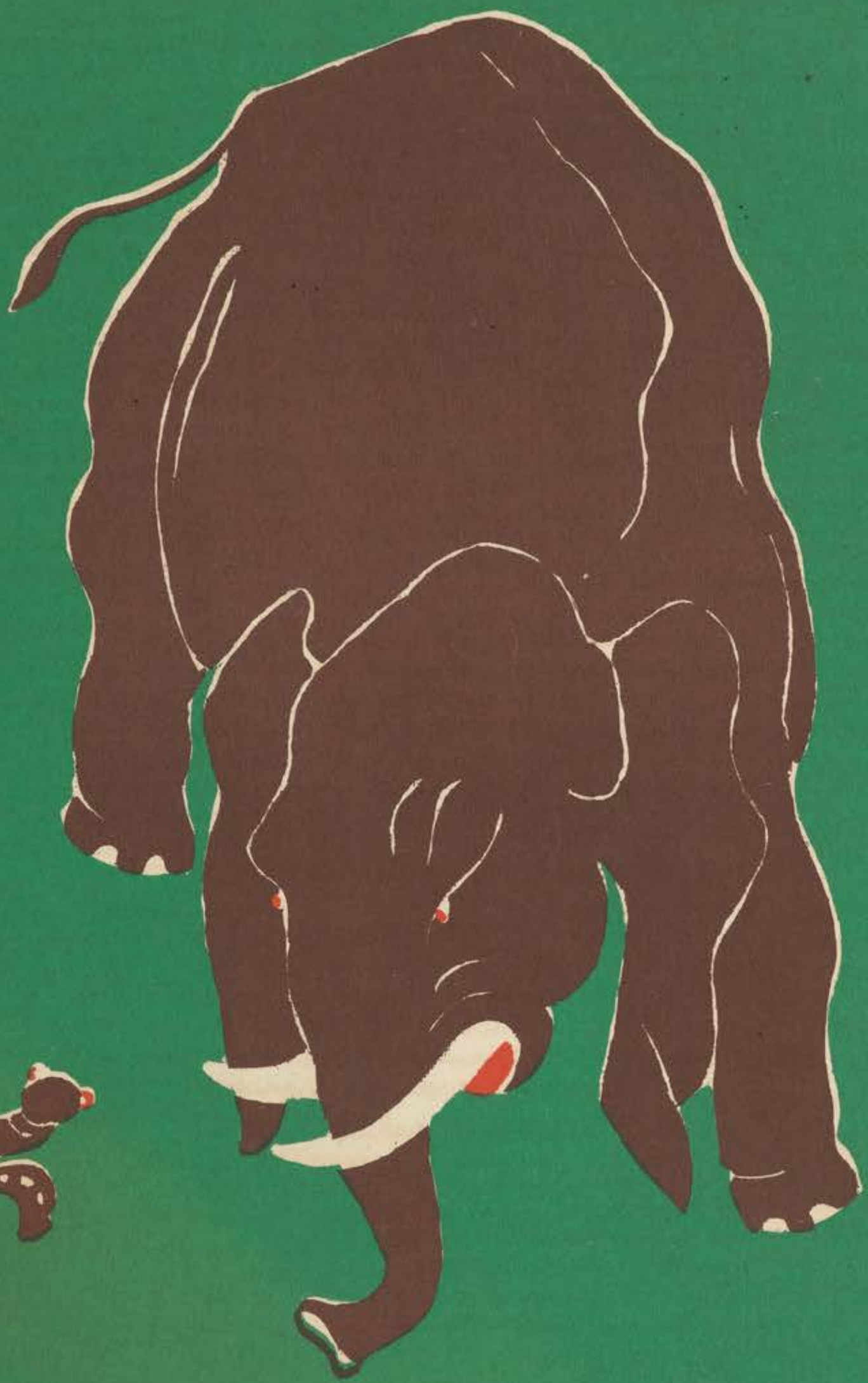
## PATTIE PRICE

*Illustrated by*

DESMOND SMITH

These stories have everything that children like — action, humor, rhythm and suspense. The plots are enough like our own folk-tales to have the comfortable, familiar touch, and yet are different enough in atmosphere, language, style and setting to be pleasantly novel. There is a glossary in the book to help with the pronunciation of the colorful Zulu words, and the text is written in short lines that fall naturally into a sing-song chant, suggesting the rhythm of the tom-tom translated into prose.

There are four pictures that spread over two pages each, and there are twelve more full-page illustrations, and vivid endpapers — all of them in three luscious colors by Desmond Smith, a young South African artist, who has travelled extensively in the Native Territories, and has made a special study of native life. In addition to being captivating illustrations in their own right, these pictures have an educational value, because they depict the native dress and native background of South Africa.

Because both the author and the artist know the locale so well, these refreshing South African tales, retold for children, are completely authentic in tone, color and background. (7-10)

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